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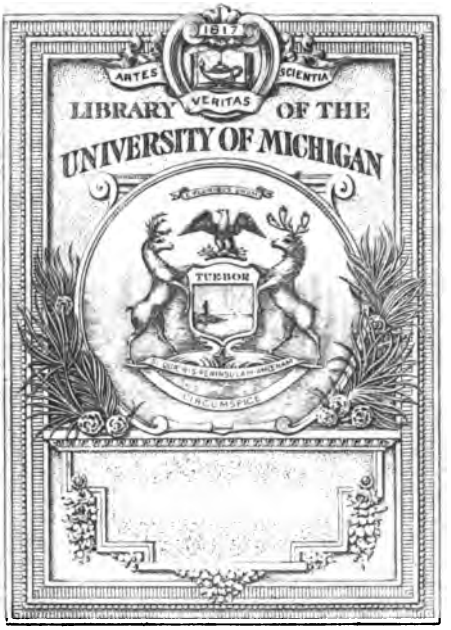
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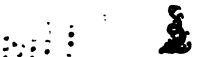
The Mocking Bards

A Collection of Parodies Burlesques and Imitations

Made by
Ralph A. Lyon

1905

The Ridgeville Press . Publisher
Evanston . Illinois



Published . Designed . Executed
by Direction *of*
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The Ridgeville Press
Evanston

To

A POEM *from* PARODY

330605

THINK you how many Springs will go and come
When We are Dead Ones—and the busy Hum
Of life will never reach us—Nothing Done
And Nothing Doing in the Silence Glum!

[Kate Masterson

The Excuse

FROM a mass of material collected during the past twelve years I have chosen for this book some humorous verses that seemed to me to be worthy of a more enduring place than a scrap-book. A few old favorites have been included in order to give the correct versions or to establish their authorship.

¶ Mr. Thayer's "Casey at the Bat" periodically goes the rounds of the press in an incorrect form, generally lacking the first five verses. I am indebted to the San Francisco Examiner, in whose columns the poem first appeared, for a copy of the original version.

¶ Grateful acknowledgements are made to the authors for correct copies and permission to use: "Maud Muller of the Links," by S. E. Kiser; "The Breakfast-Food Family," by Bert Leston Taylor; "Finnigin to Flannigan," by S. W. Gillilan, and "Leetla Giorgio Washeenton," by T. A. Daly.

[R. A. L.

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Annabel Lee

'TWAS more than a million years ago,
Or so it seems to me,
That I used to prance around and beau
The beautiful Annabel Lee.
There were other girls in the neighborhood
But none was a patch to she.

And this was the reason that long ago,
My love fell out of a tree,
And busted herself on a cruel rock;
A solemn sight to see,
For it spoiled the hat and gown and looks
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

We loved with a love that was lovely love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
And we went one day to gather the nuts
That men call hickoree.
And I stayed below in the rosy glow
While she shinned up the tree,
But no sooner up than down kerslup
Came the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And the pallid moon and the hectic noon
Bring gleams of dreams for me,
Of the desolate and desperate fate
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And I often think as I sink on the brink
Of slumber's sea, of the warm pink link
That bound my soul to Annabel Lee;
And it wasn't just best for her interest
To climb that hickory tree,
For had she stayed below with me,
We'd had no hickory nuts maybe,
But I should have had my Annabel Lee.

[Stanley Huntley

A Fling at the Poets

IF I had a girl with golden hair,
And teeth of exquisite pearl,
And eyes that were gems, resplendent, rare,
Do you know what I'd do with that girl?
I'd carry the beautiful, precious thing
Right down to a jeweler's place,
And I'd sell her quick for what she would bring
As an ornament to her race.

[Arthur Grissom

The Sleigh Bell(e)s

HEAR the sleigh-belle, how she chatters
With her beau!
How she chatters, chatters, chatters,
Of innumerable matters,
While the horse's heel bespatters
Her with snow!

See the sleigh-belle with her lover!
How they feel
Like a pair of colts in clover,
This sleigh-belle and her lover,
Underneath the dainty cover
Of the seal.

See the people stand and stare
At the belle,
As, with loosely flowing hair,
And a smile beyond compare,
She is speeding through the air
With a swell.

Oh, such weather suits for riding,
Though 'tis rough;
And the sleigh-belle loves the gliding
And such merry, merry sliding,
With her fifteen fingers hiding
In her muff!

[The Topical Times

Seven Ages of Graft

ALL the world is graft,
And all the men and women merely grafters.
They have their sure things and their bunco games,
And one man in his time works many grafts,
His bluffs being seven ages. At first the infant
Conning his dad until he walks the floor; [book,
And then the whining schoolboy, poring o'er his
Jollying his teacher into marking him
A goodly grade. And then the lover,
Making each maiden think that she
Is but the only one. And then the soldier,
Full of strange words and bearded like a bard,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the magazines. And then the Justice,
Handing out the bull con to the bench
And jollying the jury till it thinks
He knows it all. The sixth age shifts
To lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose—his is a graft!
For he is then the Old Inhabitant
And all must hear him talk. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
In second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans graft, sans pull, sans cinch, sans everything.

[Chicago Tribune

The Old Arm-Chair

(Apologies to Eliza Cook)

I love it, I love it, but don't you care,
For I've paid for loving this old arm-chair,
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've put springs in it once and upholstered it twice;
'Tis bound with a thousand bands to my heart:
Not a tie will break, not a link will part.
Would you know the spell? A maiden sat there—
Right there on my knee in the old arm-chair.

In the evening hours she would linger there—
Right there on my knee in the old arm-chair,
And gentle tips that maiden would throw
To lengthen my limb and distribute my dough;
She told me what theater had the best play,
And remarked on the side that she preferred the parquet,
While she varnished my vest with the oil in her hair
As she sat on my knee in the old arm-chair.

We sat and spooned in it many a night [light,
And my love waxed strong though my purse grew
Till I almost worshipped her, but she turned
Me down when the last of my money was burned—
She turned me cold on a summer night,
When I had'nt the price of a soda in sight,
And I learned how much the heart can bear
When another sat in the old arm chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, and I got the ha ha
And the chair, for a ten I had loaned her pa.
It was there we swore we would never part!
It was there she gave me the marble heart!
And say it is folly and deem me weak
While the scalding tears roll down my beak;
But I love it, I love it, and don't you care,
For I've paid for loving that old arm-chair.

[W. G. J.

A National Scrap Book

(Suggestion for Same)

BE strenuous, and let who will be clever,
Strike crashing blows, not shun them all
day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever—
One Chinese Gong!!!

[L. W. D.

An Indian Maiden's Dream

FAIR was Gladys Skip-the-Gutter,
Cunning little Injun squawlet,
Pretty as a book of pictures,
Cuter than a box of monkeys,
Lively as a flea in dog days,
Skin about the softened color
Of the rustic sweet potato,
And her figure was as lissome
As the tourist's neck of rubber
As he threads the streets of Denver.
Soft her voice as was the bubbling
Of the crystal mountain brooklet.
When she'd sing the birds would listen,
Trying to catch some new ideas,
Then would try to imitate her,
And she'd laugh until the echoes
All about her seemed in trouble
Trying hard, but O, how vainly,
To repeat her catchinations
Without spilling all their music
While they had the goods in transit.
Happy was Miss Skip-the-Gutter
Roaming through the grand old mountains,
Picking flowers by the trailside
And the sand burrs from her stockings;
Happy was she, and contented,

Till she saw a tourist maiden
From the suburbs of Chicago
Sifting on a flat top boulder
With her fellow's arm around her
In a cinch of lead-pipe nature.
Then within her dusky bosom
Burst the swelling bud of passion
Into love's great full-grown flower,
And she yearned to have a fellow
With an arm as long as his'n
Holding her as close as this'n
Held the girl a-squat beside him,
And when shades of night had fallen
Like a soft and soothing poultice
On the sleeping reservation
Fled she from her father's tepee
To the dangers of Durango.
But no paleface lover sought her,
Not an arm was crooked around her,
Not a cinchful pressure felt she
'Round the outskirts of her person,
And in dumb despair she wandered
'Round the streets till growing hunger
Blasted love's fair newborn flower,
Then in utter desperation
Copped she out a low position
Bathing dishes in a chop house.

[James Barton Adams

Lucy and the Mouse

"HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up a clock."
Alas! that clock
Was one of those
Embroidered on
Sweet Lucy's hose.

If it "struck one,"
It struck me, too,
As rudest deed
A mouse could do.

A swish! a swirl!
A shriek suppressed!
And snow-white skirts
Were manifest.

And mouse and I
Can truly swear
That dainty hose
Doth Lucy wear.

"Run, little mouse!
Run quick!" I say;
"For he who frights
And runs away
May live to fright
Another day."

[W. D. Ellwanger

Maud Muller of the Links

MAUD Muller, on a summer day,
Was out in the meadow raking hay.

Beneath her straw hat glowed a wealth
Of large, red freckles and rustic health.

Singing, she raked and didn't see
The Judge addressing at the tee.

But at last she glanced across the links
And saw the Judge and sighed: "Oh, jinks!

"I'll bet if I hit that ball a whack
They'd never succeed in getting it back!"

The Judge moved onward stroke by stroke
Until he got bunkered behind an oak.

Then he stopped for a while and scratched his head,
And Maud got scared at the things he said.

He stood and fanned himself in the shade,
And, looking over, he saw the maid.

He asked for a draught from the jug she had;
'Twas cider she'd carried out to her dad.

She offered to let him use her cup,
But he took the jug and he turned it up.

She thought of the job he had in town,
While his Adam's apple went up and down.

The Judge drank on till she feared he'd burst,
For the golfer gets a terrible thirst.

Then he spoke of the grass, the birds, the bees,
Of foozles and strokes and putts and tees.

And Maud forgot the unraked hay,
And wished she could have a chance to play.

The Judge said "Come!" and he pinched her
cheek,
And she swiped away with the Judge's cleek.

They sent the caddie along ahead,
So he couldn't hear what either said.

And they baffed and putted and foozled around
And sat and talked on the teeing ground.

She sighed and she thought to herself: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"We'd fix up bunkers on father's place,
And I'd set His Honor a beautiful pace.

"My brother should be a caddie then,
And I'd stance with ladies and gentlemen."

But the Judge, at last, resumed his play,
And Maud went back to raking hay.

"Bunkered," she sighed, "and stymied, too!
It's a sad old world, Maud Muller for you!"

The Judge moved slowly over the hill,
And he thought sometimes, as judges will.

He thought of Maud Muller's plump, brown arms
And her freckled nose and her other charms.

But there were his sisters, cold and proud,
Up at the clubhouse with the crowd.

So he left the treasure that he had found,
And married a woman who bossed him 'round.

Oft when the wine in his glass is red
He longs for the cider jug instead.

Maud married a man who couldn't spell,
And she helps him harvest hay to sell.

She rocks the cradle and sadly croons,
As she patches the holes in his pantaloons.

And oft as she darns his socks she thinks
Of those other holes out on the links.

Alas for the maiden! alas for the Judge!
For the hen-pecked man and the household
drudge!

Ah, pity them both, and pity us all
Who hit the earth instead of the ball!

For, of all sad words to those who've missed,
"If" is the saddest in the list!

But a time will come for man and maid
When every game will be fairly played.

Green fields await us all somewhere,
And approaches are never foozled there.

[S. E. Kiser

"Passionate" to His Love

COME write to me and be my Love,
And we will all the profits prove
That furnace sighings, signed and sealed,
And vows epistolary yield.

Empty the coffers of thy heart;
Its every throb and thrill impart;
Search every secret, holy nook;
'Twill make, sweetheart, a lovely book.

And I will make thee vow for vow,
And in my letters mention how
By thoughts of thee I'm sweetly harried,
Despite the fact that I am married.

Thou'lt write how to my arms thou'dst fly
If 'twere not for the legal tie;
And I, how straight I'd fly to thee
If from my fetters I were free.

These tender things we'll put in print.
Sweetheart, there may be millions in't.
The public simply can't resist
"Love Letters of a Socialist."

We'll turn our passion to account,
And realize a large amount.
If of the plan thou dost approve
Come write to me and be my Love.

[Puck

Pat's Excelsior

'TWAS growing dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the mountain
there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
As he walked, his shillelagh he swung to and fro,
Saying, "It's till the top I'm bound for to go—
Be jabers!"

He looked mortil sad, and his eyes was as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night,
And niver a word that he said could ye tell,
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up to the top of the mountain I'll go,
Onless covered up wid this bothersome shnow—
Be jabers!

Through the windows he saw as he traveled along
The light of a candle and fires so warm;
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head.
With a snivel and groan, "By St. Patrick!" he said,
"It's up to the very tip-top I will rush,
And then if it falls it's not meself it'll crush—
Be jabers!"

"Whist a bit," said an ould man whose head was
white
As the snow that fell down that miserable night,
"Shure you'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,

For the night is so dark and the walking is bad."
Bedad he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
But he'd go till the top, if he wint on his head—
Be jabers!

A bright buxom young girl, such as like to be kissed,
Axed him could'nt he sthop and how could he resist?
So snapping his fingers, and winking his eye,
While smiling upon her he made this reply:
"Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to this top,
But as yer swate self has axed me, I may as well shtop—
Be jabers!"

He shtopped all night, and shtopped all day,
And ye mus'n't be axin' whin he did go away,
For wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin' his darlint in the swate honeymoon,
Whin the ould man has praties enough and to spare,
Shure he moight as well stay, if he's comfortable there—
Be jabers!

[Anonymous

The Spoiler

(After the manner of Rudyard Kipling)

A WOMAN there was and she wrote for the press
(As you or I might do.)
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savory mess;
But she never had done it herself, I guess
(Which none of her readers knew.)

Oh, the hour we spent and the flour we spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand,
At the best of a woman who never had cooked
(And now we know that she never could cook,)
And did not understand.

A woman there was, and she wrote right fair
(As you or I might do)
How out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair,
'Twould adorn any parlor and give it an air!
(And we thought the tale was true.)

Oh, the days we worked and the ways we worked
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one would sit,
A chair in which no one could possibly sit,
Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was, and she had her fun
(Better than you and I;)
She wrote out receipts, and she never tried one,
She wrote about children—of course she had none,
She told us to do what she never had done
(And never intended to try.)

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil
That brims the cup of disgrace—
It's to follow a woman who didn't know beans
(A woman who never had cooked any beans,)
But wrote and was paid to fill space.

[M. A. Frost and J. H. Caverno

Afloat

IN the steamer, O my darling! when the foghorns
scream and blow,
And the footsteps of the steward softly come
and softly go,
When the passengers are groaning with a deep and
sincere woe,
Will you think of me and love me, as you did not
long ago?

In the cabin, O my darling! think not bitterly of me,
Though I rushed away and left you in the middle
of our tea:
I was seized with a sudden longing to gaze upon
the damp, deep sea—
It was best to leave you then, dear; best for you
and best for me.

[Liverpool Weekly Post

The Tale of Lord Lovell

LORD Lovell stood at his own front door,
Seeking the hole for the key;
His hat was wrecked, and his trousers bore
A rent across either knee,
When down came the beauteous Lady Jane
In fair white draperie.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"Oh, where have you been?" said she;
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing you on your head
In the ash-barrel, pardie?"

"I am not drunk, Lad' Shane," he said,
"And so late it cannot be;
The clock struck one as I entered—
I heard it two times or three.
It must be the salmon on which I fed
Has been too many for me."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said,
To the maritime cavalree,
To your grandmother of the hoary head—
To any one but me:
The door is not used to be opened
With a cigarette for a key."

[Anonymous

Bill Sykes Up To Date

BEHIND an adventitious tree
The modern burglar stands;
A lithe and sinewy figure he,
With kids upon his hands;
For thus he trumps the thumb-mark trick
Taught us by foreign lands.

His dress suit bag contains the tools
With which his bread he earns—
Sheffield no finer instruments
From steel—well tested—turns,
His bag holds silent matches, too—
No other sort he burns.

His motor car's a stylish one;
His goggles and his mask
Provide him with a neat disguise
For his nefarious task.
What village constable would dare
To any questions ask?

Plotting, crib-cracking, moting off,
Onward through life he goes;
No burgling task's by him begun
Till he has planned its close—
Something attempted, some one "done,"
And not till then repose.

Thanks for the moral, burgling friend,
We from your acts collate;
Your strange experience one thing
Makes clear past all debate;
Whatever be our walk in life,
We must be up to date!

[London Truth

The Automobile

ALONGSIDE the curbstone there silent stood
A red automobile, all gentle and good;
Disturbing no soul in the neighborhood,
It stood.

Soon hove a man and a woman in view,
A woman with tresses of golden hue;
Into the auto like birds they flew,
These two.

A hissing sound and a fog-horn toot,
And through the streets did the auto shoot—
Swifter than lightning it seemed to scoot—
Toot toot!

Straight to the woodlands and far away
It sailed and it sailed like a thing at play.
When the man tried to stop it, it wouldn't obey—
Nay, nay.

They picked up the man and the woman too—
The woman with tresses of golden hue—
And in Greenwood they planted their residue—
Mon Dieu!

What of the auto so good and true,
That stood by the curbstone—so red, so new?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through—
Adieu!

[Silas X. Ford

Life's Epitome

THERE was a man in our town
Invested all his health,
With madly avaricious aim,
To win the goal of wealth;
And when the same he had attained,
With all his might and main,
He vainly lavished all his wealth
To get his health again.

[Anonymous

The Breakfast-Food Family

JOHN Spratt will eat no fat,
Nor will he touch the lean;
He scorns to eat of any meat—
He lives upon Foodine.

But Mrs. Spratt will none of that;
Foodine she cannot eat;
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt that food is flat
On which his mater dotes.
His favorite feed—his special need—
Is Eata Heapa Oats.

But sister Lill can't see how Will
Can touch such tasteless food.
As breakfast fare it can't compare,
She says, with Shredded Wood.

Now, none of these Leander please;
He feeds upon Bath Mitts,
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgis votes for Father's Oats,
Proggine appeals to May;
The Junior John subsists upon
Uneeda Bayla Hay.

Corrected Wheat for little Pete,
  Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub"
The infant Spratt, is waxing fat
  On Battle Creek Near-Grub.

[Bert Leston Taylor

I Remember

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The pipe that I first drew,
With red-waxed end and snowy bowl,
It perfect was and new,
It measured just four inches long,
'Twas made of porous clay;
I found when I began to smoke
It took my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
In fear I struck a light;
And when I'd smoked a little time,
I felt my cheeks grow white.
My nervous system mutinied,
My diaphragm uprose,
And I was very — very ill
In a way you may suppose.

I remember, I remember,
The very rod he got,
When father, who discoverd me,
Made me exceeding hot.
He scattered all my feathers then,
While, face down, I reclined;
I sat upon a cold heartstone
I was so warm behind.

I remember, I remember,
  I viewed the rod with dread,
And silent, sad and supperless,
  I bundled off to bed.
It was a childish punishment
  And now 'tis little joy
To know that, for the self-same crime,
  I wallop my own boy.

[Cope's Tobacco Plant

We are Seven

I MET a doctor rolling up
His will and fireful eyes,
His lofty brow was clouded o'er
With an impression wise;
Quoth I, "Pray tell me, if you please,
Why roll your eyes to heaven?
"Alas," he answered with a sigh,
"It is because we're seven!

"There's Bliss and Barnes and Hamilton,
And Agnew, which makes four,
And Woodward, Baxter and myself,
Thank God, there ain't no more!
We've fooled around for forty days,
And yet, so help me heaven,
We havn't done a bit more good
Than if we were not seven!

"One says, 'It is,' another, ' 'Tain't,'
While I claim it's pyaemia,
And as we dose and fool around,
The outlook's growing dreamier;
And as the nation's pray'rs go up
With one accord to heaven,
Each doctor has a different scheme,
For we, good sir, are seven."

[Attributed to Eugene Field

The Modern Hiawatha

HE killed the noble Mudjokivis.
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

[Anonymous

Cockney Enigma on Letter H

I DWELLS in the Herth and I breathes in the Hair;
If you searches the Hocean you'll find that I'm there;
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'Igh.
But tho' on this orb I am destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel;
Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter bears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass,
I resides in a Hattic and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably habsent from 'Ome.
Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art,
But look and you'll see in the Heye I appear,
Only 'ark and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the Hear;
Tho' in Sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox!),
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heternity Hi'm the beginning! and mark,
Tho' I goes not with Noar, I'm the first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Elth—have with Fysic no power;
I dies in a Month but comes back in a Hour.

[Horace Mayhew

If I Should Die To-Night

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large, white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

[Ben King

Gemini

THEY looked upon us from the skies,
And one was dark and one was fair;
One did not like to come alone—
So both came down the golden stair.

Jiminy

HE looked from out the golden skies—
We may not name his name;
He did not like to come alone—
And so he never came.

[Anonymous

A Thrilling Fact

"SUPPOSE," said the wise orator—"though 'tis
a thought stupendous—
Suppose a baby one year old with arms of
the tremendous
Length of ninety-three odd million miles,
Should, in a freak of fun,
Reach up and touch the sun;
That child would be
253
Years old,
I'm told,
Before it learned
Its hand was burned!"

[Jane Ellis Joy

The Purple Cow

I NEVER saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

[Gelett Burgess

An Imitation

I NEVER saw a Purple Cow—
I hope I'll never see one;
But from the Purple Milk we get,
I know that there must be one.

[Anonymous

The Rationalistic Chicken

(On the Picture of a Newly Hatched Chicken Contemplating the Fragments of its Native Shell)

MOST strange!
Most queer,—although most excellent a change!
Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!
My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,
And, like my legs, are free;
No longer huddled up so pitiably:
Free now to pry and probe, and peep and peer,
And make these mysteries out.
Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt?"
For now in doubt undoubtedly I am:
This problem's very heavy on my mind,
And I'm not one to either shirk or sham:
I won't be blinded and I won't be blind!
Now let us see;
First, I would know how did I get in there?
Then, where was I of yore?
Besides, why didn't I get out before?
Bless me!
Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more)
Enough to give me pip upon the brain!
But let me think again.
How do I know I ever was inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,

Less than my reason, and beneath my pride
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't! How could I have lain,
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
In there?
I meet the notion with profound disdain;
It's quite incredible; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive)
What I can't understand I won't believe.
Where did I come from, then? Ah! where indeed?
This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.
I have it! Why, of course,
All things are molded by a plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow:—
There, now!
That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear?
My mother cackling at me! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant I say;
So far behind the wisdom of the day!

What's old I can't revere.
Hark at her. "You're a little fool, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack!
As is the piece of shell upon your back!"

How bigoted! upon my back, indeed!
I don't believe its there;
For I can't see it; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see I never will believe in!

[Samuel John Stone

Tar-Heel Freshman's Soliloquy

WHEN Daisy's arms her dog imprison,
Oh! how I wish my neck were his'n.
How often would I stop and turn
To get a pat from a hand like her'n.
And when she kisses Towser's nose
Oh! don't I wish that I were those!

[The Tar-Heel

Casey at the Bat

(A Ballad of the Republic. Sung in the Year 1888)

THE outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that—
We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceeded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,

And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
There was Jimmy, safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat;
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded as he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said: "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered fraud;
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

[Ernest L. Thayer

Repercussion

THEY were sitting side by side—
And he sighed, and she sighed.
Said he, "My darling idol"—
And he idled, and she idled.
Said he, "Your hand I asked, so bold I've grown"—
And he groaned, and she groaned.
Said he, "You're cautious, Belle"—
And he bellowed, and she bellowed.
Said he, "You shall have your private gig"—
And he giggled, and she giggled.
Said she, "My dearest Luke"—
And he looked, and she looked.
Said he, "Upon my heart there's such a weight"—
And he waited, and she waited.
Said he, "I'll have thee, if thou wilt"—
And he wilted, and she wilted.

[Washington, (La.) Enterprise

To Make a Loaf of Bread

THE wife has gone out in the country;
Your left all alone. What a pity,
With nothing to do but to ponder
And read aloud to the kitty!

The Recipe

You run out of bread in the morning;
But, knowing 'tis easy to make it,
You swiftly adjourn to the kitchen
And silently start to bake it.

Take two cupfuls of flour
With water sufficient to "dough" it;
A thimble of salt for the "season,"
Then roll it and poke it and blow it.

And blow it and poke it and roll it
And pinch it and push it and flop it
And punch it and pound it and pull it
And monkey around till you drop it.

Then clean it off nice with a towel,
And sock in yeast cake to "raise" it;
Now drop in some soda to "short" it,
And smear on some butter to "blaze" it.

Then place it way back in the oven
(That is, if you've molded and "set" it.)
Close up all the doors of the kitchen,
Go in and sit down and forget it.

Go sit yourself down in the parlor
And read from "The Science of Baking;"
Read on till you smell something burning,
Then think of the bread you are making.

Now hop, skip and jump to the kitchen,
And as you hop nigher and nigher
You know by the smoke in the hallway
The blooming old bread is on fire.

Then hustle it out in the alley,
Juggle it, fumble it, shy it;
Then gently dig up a nickel
And go to a baker's and buy it.

[R. C. Bowman

Sweetheart

SWEETHEART, I only crave this boon—
That in your heavenly embrace
I may in joyous rapture swoon,
But somehow, when I seek to spoon,
I get thrown out at second base!

Darling, the lovelight in your eyes
Is brighter than the lighthouse glare
That throws itself across the skies,
Sweeter to me than luscious pies,
You are the works, I do declare!

I only ask that you will come
Tonight and clasp me to your heart;
This great suspense annoys me some
And puts my nerves upon the bum;
O love! why didst thou thus depart?

Why didst thou, sweetheart? Goodness me!
Thou knowest I told thee not to didst!
Dost recollect? I clung to thee
As to the canine clings the flea,
But you have vanished from our midst.

If all the roses of the spring
Were pressed into a single kiss;
If all the songs that angels sing
Were mine, I wouldn't do a thing
But write an ode to show up this.

Sweetheart, return, or else come back—
  Respond thee to my yearning beck;
No part of heaven would I lack
Were you to give me one more smack!
  I'd stand for it you bet your neck!

Sweetheart, I fear I'm too intense—
  At least, I always had a bug
For leaning o'er the garden fence
To spark—I jest ain't got no sense
  When I am thrilled with your dear hug!

Sweetheart, I could go on this way
  For weeks—I do so love to write,
But nothing, dear, that I could say
Would be enough. Me to the hay!
  It's getting late. Old socks, good-night!

[Anonymous

Finnigin to Flannigan

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;
Boss av' th' siction wuz Finnigin.
Whiniver th' kyars got off th' thrack
An' muddled up things to th' divvle an' back,
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan
Afther th' wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Raypoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furrst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pa-ages, did Finnigin;
An' he towld jist how th' wrick occured:
Full minny a tajus, blundherin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
Afther th' kyars had gone on agin.
That's th' wa-ay Finnigin
Raypoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more thin Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan;
An' it wore'm clane an' complately out
T' tell what Finnigin writ about
In 'is writin' t' Musther Flannigan.
So he writed this here: "Musther Finnigin:
Don't do such a sin agin;
Ma-ake 'em brrief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got that frum Flannigan
He blushed rosy rid, did Finnigin;
An' he said: "Oi'll gamble a whole moonth's pa-ay
That it'll be minny an' minny a da-ay
Before sup'rintindint—that's Flannigan—
Git's a whack at thot very sa-ame sin agin.
Frum Finnigin to Flannigan
Raypoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on th' siction av Finnigin,
On th' r-road sup'rintinded be Flannigan,
A ra-ail give way on a bit of a currve
An' some kyars wint off as they ma-ade th'
shwerrve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
"But raypoorts must be made to Flannigan.
An' he winked at McGorrigan
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a ra-ailroader's been agin,
An' 'is shmoky ol lamp wuz burrnin' brright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down 'is raypoort, wuz Finnigin.
An' he writed this here: "Musther Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin;
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

[S. W. Gillilan

An Ungrammatical Protest

("The grammar used in American newspapers is something appalling."—Extract from address delivered by Henry James to the girls of Bryn Mawr College)

NOW, Henry James, it ain't no use
To go and knock we men which write
For papers, for when we cut loose
We ain't got time to be polite.
When scooping everything in sight
Us writers for the daily press
Must keep things humming day and night—
Grammar don't buy no meals I guess.

If you was honest, Henry James,
And wanted for to treat us square,
You wouldn't tell no college dames
No things like that— it ain't no fair
To make such speeches as that there
In which you knocked us more or less;
If you was me you'd soon declare:
"Grammar don't buy no meals, I guess."

Don't use no hammer after this—
It made the book reviewer cry,
And when you slur so sweet a miss
It's pretty hard for she and I.
Remember, Hank, how time does fly
When scribbling for the daily press,
And pass our little blunders by—
Grammar don't buy no meals, I guess.

[William F. Kirk

Tonis ad Resto Mare

(Air: "O Mary, heave a sigh for me")

O MARE aeva si forme;
Forme ure tonitru;
Iambicum as amandum,
Olet Hymen promptu;
Mihi is vetas an ne se,
As humano erebi;
Olet mecum marito te,
Or eta beta pi.

Alas, plano more meretrix,
Mi ardor vel uno;
Inferiam ure artis base,
Tolerat me urebo.
Ah me ve ara silicet,
Vi laudu vimin thus?
Hiatus as arandum sex—
Illuc Ionicus.

Heu sed heu vix en imago,
My missis mare sta;
O cantu redit in mihi
Hibernas arida?
A veri vafer heri si,
Mihi resolves indu:
Totius olet Hymen cum—
Accepta tonitru.

[Jonathan Swift

When Father Carves the Duck

WE all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs
When father carves the duck.
Then all of us prepare to rise,
And hold our bibs before our eyes,
And be prepared for some surprise—
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
While every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip
When father carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck!
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy in our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
Whene'er he carves the duck.

We then have learned to walk around
  The dining room and pluck
From off the window-sills and walls
  Our share of father's duck;
While father growls and blows and jaws,
And swears the knife was full of flaws,
And mother jeers at him because
  He couldn't carve a duck.

[E. V. Wright

Leetla Giorgio Washeenton

YOU know w'at for ees school keep out
Dees holiday, my son?
Wal, den I gona tal you 'bout
Dees Giorgio Washeenton.

Wal, Giorgio was leetla keed
Ees leeve long time ago,
An' he gon' school for learn to read
An' write hees nam', you know.
He moocha like for gona school
An' learna hard all day,
Baycause he no gat time for fool
Weeth bada keeds an' play.
Wal, wan cold day w'en Giorgio
Ees steell so vera small,
He start from home, but he ees no
Show up een school at all!
O! my! hees Pop ees gatta mad
An' so he tal hees wife:
"Som' leetla boy ees gon' feel bad
Today, you bat my life!"
An' den he grab a beega steeck
An' gon' out een da snow
An' lookin' all aroun' for seek
Da leetla Giorgio.
Ha! w'at you theenk? Firs' theeng he see
Where leetla boy he stan'

All tangla up een cherry tree
  Weeth hatcheet een hees han'.
"Ha! w'at you do?" hees Pop he say,
  "What for you busta rule
An' stay away like dees for play
  Eenstead for gon' to school?"
Da boy ees say: "I no can lie,
  An' so I speaka true,
I stay away from school for try
  An' gat som' wood for you.
I theenka deesa cheery tree
  Ees gooda size for chop,
An so I cut heem down, you see,
  For justa help my Pop."
Hees Pop he no can gatta mad,
  But looka please an' say:
"My leetla boy, I am so glad
  You taka holiday."
Ees good for leetla boy, you see,
  For he so bright an' try
For help hees Pop; so den he be
  A granda man bimeby.
So now you gatta holiday
  An' eet ees good, you know,
For you gon' do da sama way
  Like leetla Giorgio.
Don't play so mooch, but justa stop,
  Eef you want be som' good,
An' justa help your poor old Pop
  By carry home some wood;

An' mebbe so like Giorgio
You grow for be so great
You gona be da President
Of dees Unita State.

[Thomas A. Daly

Il Trovatore

THERE was an old woman who somewhere did dwell,
Who was burnt for a witch, as the opera did tell;
A daughter she had, too, a gypsy so bold,
Who went to a house where an infant she stoled.
(Chorius in the Italian language, relative to the way she hooked it.)

Singing tooral, toledo, and in dormero,
Allegro andante and sempre amo,
O Giorno d'orrore mia madre you know,
With fata crudele, Funesta & Co.

Now after they burnt up the old gypsy mother,
The daughter came up with her own child and t'other;
When she saw her marm burning, it woke up her ire,
And she slung the stole baby smack into the fire.
(Sizzling chorius, descriptive of the burning.)

Now, when the poor baby was all of a bake,
She found that she'd burnt up her own by mistake;
And as she felt bad at the deed she had done,
She brought up the other and called him her son.
(Chorius in the barrow-tone style.)

Now, when the young man got to years of discretion,
He tuck up with music all for a profession,

Likewise a young woman for a sweetheart he got,
And all her affections upon him she sot.
(Basso-reliefo chorius, in which is set forth the young woman's sentiments as expressed in a furrin language.)

There's a chap, now, a count, who comes into the song,
Who likewise loved this lady uncommonly strong.
And meeting Manrico—her lover—one night,
They pulled out their weapons intending to fight.
(Spirited chorius, expressing an orful combat which came very nigh coming off.)

The next scene discovers Manrico, a gypsy,
With fellows who drink a great deal and get tipsy,
And who hammer on anvils like jolly good fellows,
While their wives mind the fire and their sons blow the bellows.
(Hardware chorius a la horseshoe.)

But alas! after all this fine singing and fighting;
Which gave the occasion for all this fine writing,
The count got Manrico locked up in a jug,
And held him as tight as a bug in a rug.
(Doleful chorius, sparging the lagrime.)

Then the lady came weeping and wailing around,
Where Manrico was lying all on the cold ground
With the old gypsy woman while ballads he sung,
Resolved to die game, though he had got to be hung.

(Game chorius, with the back up and straps buckled down.)

This count came along—says the lady, says she,
"If you'll let my love go, why then you may take me."
So the count he consented to open the door,
And wipe off the chalks 'gainst the bold trovatore.
(Trovatore—a cove that sings. Friustance,
"I" is a trovatore, as you hear by the following:)

But the lady she thought, "I will ne'er be his wife,
And I'll swindle the count, if it costs me my life."
So ven he came in there, she lay on her side,
And they found, sure enough, that by poison she died.
(Chorius expressive of strychnine poison.)

Then the folks made a fire, 'cause the count was so sore,
And in it they burned up the gay trovatore;
Then the gypsy says she, "Count, I wasn't his mother,
And I'm sorry to say that you've burned up your brother."
(Chorius expressing a grand family fry.)

Singing tooral, toledo and in dormero,
Allegro andante and sempre amo,
O Giorno d'orrore mia madre you know,
With fata crudele, Funesta & Co.

[Anonymous